

Get the
Republican
To Do Your
PRINTING.

The Bellefontaine Republican.

Official
Paper
Of the City.

VOLUME XLIV.

BELLEFONTAINE, LOGAN COUNTY, OHIO, FRIDAY, OCTOBER 7, 1898.

NUMBER 80.

DR. W. G. STINCHCOMB,
Physician and Surgeon. Special attention given to diseases of the eye and fitting glasses. 139 North Main street, Bellefontaine, Ohio.

JOHN C. HOVER,
ATTORNEY AT LAW. Special attention given to all office practice, settlement of estates, collections and loans. Office 6 and 8, Lawrence Block, Bellefontaine, Ohio.

S. A. BUCHANAN,
SURVEYOR AND CIVIL ENGINEER. Will do all kinds of town and country work. Rooms 8 and 9, Lawrence Building, Bellefontaine, O.

A. JAY MILLER,
ATTORNEY AT LAW. Special attention given to collections and settlement of estates. Rooms 8 and 9, Empire Block, Bellefontaine, Ohio.

DR. C. W. HEFFNER,
Physician and Surgeon. No. 116 East Columbus Ave. Treatment of the eye and fitting glasses for defective vision, a specialty.

J. W. YOUNG, M. D.,
Physician and Surgeon. General practitioner of medicine. Have special test lenses for accurately fitting glasses for those who need them. Office 135 West Columbus Ave. Residence 402 East Sandusky Ave.

HAMILTON BROS.
ATTORNEYS AT LAW, and Real Estate Agents. Office in Hamilton's Building, at the corner of Main and Third streets, Ohio. Particular attention given to collections and settlement of estates. Will practice in state and U. S. Courts. All business promptly attended to.

SPAIN J. SOUTHWARD,
ATTORNEY AT LAW. Special attention given to abstracts of title, loaning money and drafting of all legal instruments. Prompt attention paid to all business left with him. Collections, fire and life insurance. Office South Main street over J. M. Abraham & Co.'s grocery.

DR. J. H. WILSON,
HOMIOPATHIST. Special attention given to diseases of the eye and fitting glasses. Office on South Main Street, Bellefontaine, O.

JAMES C. WONDERS,
CIVIL ENGINEER. Rooms 5 & 6 Empire Block, Bellefontaine, Ohio.

F. S. DEFRIES,
ATTORNEY AT LAW, Bellefontaine, O. Room 1 and 2, Bellefontaine National Bank Building. Money loaned and secured at reasonable rates.

W. H. ROWAND,
DENTIST. Office over N. Morgan's shoe and clothing store, Main st. opposite Court House.

CHAMBERLIN & NEWELL,
ATTORNEYS AT LAW. General and commercial practice. Office on Main street, Bellefontaine, Ohio.

WEST & WEST,
ATTORNEY AT LAW. Collections given prompt attention. Partition and settlement of estates a specialty. Practice in the state and U. S. Courts. Office on Main street, directly opposite front entrance of the Court House, Bellefontaine Ohio.

W. W. RIDDLE,
ATTORNEY AND Counselor at Law. Office over People's National Bank, Bellefontaine, Ohio.

M. G. BELL,
ATTORNEY AT LAW, Bellefontaine, Ohio. Office in Lawrence's New Block.

HOWENSTINE & HUSTON,
ATTORNEYS AND Counselors at Law, Bellefontaine, Ohio. Particular attention given to collections and settlement of estates. Office in the Watson Building. Entrance on Main St.

Portland
CEMENT WORK
Plain or Ornamental.

Far superior to all other masonry for foundations. EVERY DAY. I guarantee my work in appearance, strength and durability equal to best quality of Portland Cement. Prices moderate and compare favorably in competition with stone work.

PLANS AND ESTIMATES PROMPTLY FURNISHED AND SOLICITED. CORRESPONDENCE SOLICITED.

A. Buchanan, Civil Engineer,
Bellefontaine, Ohio, Room No. 7, New Lawrence Building. April 24, 1898.

J. E. THATCHER
DENTIST
SEAMLESS GOLD CROWNS AND BRIDGEWORK. MODERN METHODS. 139 WEST COLUMBUS AVE.

ROBT. LAMB, Pres. J. B. WILLIAMS, Vice Pres. B. B. KELLER, Cashier.
THE PEOPLES NATIONAL BANK.
Bellefontaine, - OHIO.
Capital, \$100,000. Surplus, \$25,000.

DR. C. G. WEST,
Wm. M. Riddle, Robt. Lamb, J. B. Williams, Geo. M. Riddle, B. B. Keller.

CHEAP MONEY.
I make loans in sums of \$500 to \$25,000 on first mortgage at a rate of 6 per cent. Loans closed in a few days after application. Less expense for commissions and abstract than heretofore charged by brokers. Privilege of making partial payments. No gold clause. Will save money by coming to me.

Ben. S. Johnston,
Attorney at Law.
Room 5 over Bellefontaine National Bank. Dec. 31, 1897.

WILBUR A. GINN,
EXPERT LAND SURVEYOR

CIVIL ENGINEER
Surveys, Levels, Maps, Drawings, Plans specifications and Estimates furnished on short notice. Office over postoffice Bellefontaine.

Grimey finger marks
seem to grow on the woodwork
about the house. They come easily and
they stick, too—unless you get rid of them with
GOLD DUST Washing Powder
It makes all cleaning easy.
THE K. H. FAIRBANK COMPANY,
Chicago, St. Louis, New York,
Boston, Philadelphia.

GO TO
BARTRAM'S
IF YOU WANT
A Fall Suit,
A Single Garment,
Fashionable Goods,
and A Neat Fit.
WEST COLUMBUS AV.,
BELLEFONTAINE.
September 23, 1898.

WE WILL SUIT YOU.
We have opened to the public one of the
finest tailoring establishments in this section
of the State.
All the Latest Novelties
In Woolens, both Foreign and Domestic.
Our Prices Are Right,
Consistent with good work, and our work is not
excelled anywhere.
Call on us and we will show you a line
of goods that will be sure to please you.
Doty & Gregg,
The Leading Merchant Tailors.
130 West Columbus Avenue.
July 29, 1898.

THE STOCK
Is now ready to show you, and if you need any
Men's Boys' or Children's
SUITS.
We have them and at prices that can't fail to please you.
Our stock of
**WORKING PANTS,
SHIRTS AND
OVERALLS**
Are, well—you must just come to see them as they are up
in quality and down in prices.
PARKER'S
Boston Clothing Co.

DITCH NOTICE.

AUDITOR'S OFFICE, LOGAN COUNTY,
TO A. M. CARTER et al.
You are hereby notified that a petition signed by H. H. Chamberlain et al., has been filed with the auditor of our said county of Logan, praying for the location, establishment and construction of a ditch, drain or water-course on the following described line:
(Commencing on the land line between H. Chamberlain and Corwin Chamberlain and Oliver Chamberlain; thence through the lands of A. E. Thomas, E. N. Van Hook, S. M. Thompson, J. W. Meddies, Lee Hites, Louise Swift et al. Alice Patrick et al. B. C. Borton, Schitz, Brewing, S. W. Z. Evans, A. M. Carter, A. J. Borton, H. L. Chester et al. to the Union county line.

THURSDAY, OCTOBER 20, A. D. 1898,
at 10 o'clock a. m.
Said Commissioners will, at the time and place above fixed, hear any and all proof offered by any of the parties affected by said improvement, and other persons competent to testify, and determine the necessity thereof, and adjourn from time to time and to such place as the necessity of the work may require, and in case said Commissioners find it necessary to improve, they will fix a day for the hearing of application for any appropriation of land taken for said improvement, and damages to said parties affected by said improvement, or any of them, may then be made, and for the approval of the report of the Surveyor.

At any time on or before the day above set for the hearing, any person or persons whose lands are taken or affected in any way by such improvement may make application to said Commissioners in writing, for compensation or damages, and they, or any of them, may make application in writing for a change or alteration of the line of ditch through their property, and failure to make such application shall be deemed and held to be a waiver to all rights thereon.

The following is a list of the parties who will be affected or benefited by the said proposed improvement:
A. M. Carter, Mary E. Lee, Mrs. E. E. Evans, Melvin Cole, J. B. McElvaine, John Moore, Schitz, Brewing Co., Louise Swift et al., Columbus Division of Union Pacific R.R. Co., John Davis, Jr., C. CAMPBELL, Auditor Logan County, O.

September 20, 1898.

PUBLIC SALE OF

High-Class Horses.
Mr. John Hicks, of Iowa, will sell Thursday, October 13th, at McKee's Livery Stable, Bellefontaine, O., at one o'clock sharp, 20 head of the best feeding horses of the county, and of the best quality of the above date:
No. 1, and 2, pair of black horses, 16 hands high, well bred and in good condition, a very fine team for coach or heavy purposes, and will show for themselves on day of sale.
No. 3, black horse, 4 years, weight 1400. A good horse and shape has no equal. No. 4, black horse, 4 years old, weight 1300; an extra good feeder. No. 5, bay horse, 4 years old, weight 1400; a little thin in flesh, but an extra good feeder. No. 6, bay horse, 4 years old, weight 1400; an extra good feeder. No. 7, bay horse, 4 years old, weight 1400; an extra good feeder. No. 8, bay horse, 4 years old, weight 1400; an extra good feeder. No. 9, bay horse, 4 years old, weight 1400; an extra good feeder. No. 10, bay horse, 4 years old, weight 1400; an extra good feeder. No. 11, bay horse, 4 years old, weight 1400; an extra good feeder. No. 12, bay horse, 4 years old, weight 1400; an extra good feeder. No. 13, bay horse, 4 years old, weight 1400; an extra good feeder. No. 14, bay horse, 4 years old, weight 1400; an extra good feeder. No. 15, bay horse, 4 years old, weight 1400; an extra good feeder. No. 16, bay horse, 4 years old, weight 1400; an extra good feeder. No. 17, bay horse, 4 years old, weight 1400; an extra good feeder. No. 18, bay horse, 4 years old, weight 1400; an extra good feeder. No. 19, bay horse, 4 years old, weight 1400; an extra good feeder. No. 20, bay horse, 4 years old, weight 1400; an extra good feeder.

The Successful Remedy for NASAL CATARRH
must be non-irritating, easy of application, and one that will by its own action reach the inflamed and diseased surfaces.
ELY'S CREAM BALM combines the important requisites of quick action and specific curative powers with perfect safety to the patient. This agreeable remedy has mastered catarrh as nothing else has, and both physicians and patients freely concede this fact. All druggists cheerfully acknowledge that in the use of the Pharmaceutical skill has been reached. The most distressing symptoms quickly yield to it. In acute cases the Balm imparts almost instant relief.

Catarrh sufferers should remember that Ely's Cream Balm is the only catarrh remedy which is quickly and thoroughly absorbed by the diseased membrane. It does not dry up the secretions, but charges them to a limpid and odorless condition, and finally to a natural and healthy character.

The Balm can be found at any drug store, or by sending 50 cents to Ely Brothers, 36 Warren St., New York, it will be mailed.

Full directions with each package. Cream Balm opens and cleanses the nasal passages, allays inflammation, thereby stopping pain in the head, heals and protects the membrane and restores the sense of taste and smell. The Balm is applied directly into the nostrils.

Money to Loan.
In sums of \$500.00 to \$10,000 on improved farm property, at low rate of interest, five or ten years' time. No commissions. No life insurance unless desired.

GEO. H. ALLEN, Agt.,
Union Central Life Ins. Co.,
112 East Columbus Ave., Bellefontaine, Ohio
July 8, 1898-4f.

ON THE BIRTHDAY OF DONIZETTI.

The Rome of Cavour crowned with bays
The heroes who increased her might
The poet for his stately lays
The soldier victor in the fight.
To grace the birthday of Donizetti.
To grace the birthday of Donizetti.

The critic long have let the car
Which found Rosini's charm and sweet
Even Verdi, in his early sphere,
It almost always held office,
And all the skill of Donizetti
Is voted crude and aliphatic.

For Wagner's noblest rule has come
And waded the world with living brain.
The tuba, trombone, horn and drum
Have almost silver strings, alas!
And all his student strength makes petty
The dumb airs of Donizetti.

The Donizetti and all the gods
Or Lohengrin are now a-four.
A new one thinks of laying odds
On "Lucia di Lammermoor."
We're told it's foolish and dusty.
This masterpiece of Donizetti.

The very schoolboy whistles over
The intermezzo, note for note,
And that's the biggest trouble
Is only heard from every throat.
But poor old Signor Donizetti
Is not non-organism.

The ever true. What prophet hath
The honor that is his by right?
A new one thinks of laying odds
On "Lucia di Lammermoor."
We're told it's foolish and dusty.
This masterpiece of Donizetti.

IN THE MIRAGE.
The train lumbered slowly into the
Little village station. Already the light
was waning, the sky was clear and opalescent
and the air was still. A man and
his young wife—a laughing girl—stepped
out on to the platform. They had
been married that morning. A servant
waiting on the platform collected their
luggage, and they passed through the
dingy booking office. Outside, the sleek
carriage horses fretted impatiently. A
short drive took them to the lonely gray
house up on the hill among the pines.

Some hours later they sat together in a
paneled room overlooking the avenue.
On the walls of the room were the
things that a great traveler and a great
sportsman bring back with him. It
had grown chilly and a fire had been lit
there. Wax candles burned in brass
scones on each side of the fireplace.
The girl was in white (as she had been
that morning in the church). She leaned
back in her chair, still smiling and
showing her white teeth. One hand
played with the pearls at her throat, a
gesture showing the beautiful curves of
her bare arm. The man stood watching her.
He was middle aged, tall, lean,
whiskered, clean shaven. His face was
tanned. His eyes were exceptionally
dark and striking. As she looked down
at the tiger skin rug in front of the fire
she said:

"Did you kill that?"
The man nodded.

"Yes, I killed him," she said.

"You never tell me enough," she
went on, half jestingly, "about things
that you have done. What is the use of
being a traveler if one does not come
back laden with stories of wonderful
things?"

"One tiger story," the man replied,
"is generally very much like another."
"But there are other things," she
said. "Have you never been captured by
brigands, have you never been nearly
killed, or experimented with wonderful
drugs in Chinese dens or been dying of
thirst or seen the mirage?"

He sat down in the chair facing her.
His expression was one of habitual
melancholy, just as hers was one of a
contingent light-heartedness.

"Yes," he said, "I think I can lay
claim to all those things. I have been
captured by brigands, have experimented
with hashish, have been practically
dead, have seen the mirage."

"Well," she said eagerly.
"I have also," he said, "been in the
mirage."

"How can that be?" she said. "I was
taught about the mirage in my govern-
ment days. All about the density of the
air and the temperature and so on.
Sometimes it is lakes of water, some-
times it is a city with houses and tem-
ples and people, sometimes it is feath-
ery palm trees, sometimes ships that
sail across the sky, and upward, but it
is never real. Love could you be in a
thing which practically does not exist?"

"We had been marching four days,"
he said dramatically. "The sun was awful
by day, but the nights were cold. It
was on the morning of the fifth day that
they turned on me. They took what
there was and went off. I was left on
the sand for dead—indeed, for some
hours I must have been dead."

"Go on," said the girl, leaning for-
ward now, watching him intently, no
longer smiling. "How long ago was it?"

"Ten, a dozen years ago—when you
were bowing your hoop in Kensington
gardens. And most of the story is very
wearisome, but the fact is interesting
that I was actually in the mirage."

"What was it like?"
"It was a city of ghosts. They moved
silently about the gray, ghostly streets.
They wore the costumes of all ages and
all countries. It had a weird and bizarre
effect. When I first came to conscious-
ness in the mirage, the first thing that
I saw was a city man, silk hat, frock
coat, expanded waistcoat, all the same
gray tint, all shadowy. He was talking
with the ghost of a beautiful Egyptian
woman. They spoke in whispers. Every-
one spoke in whispers."

"Did any of them speak to you?"
"Yes; hesitatingly at first, just as
strangers do among the living. They
told me that I was dead, that all these
ghosts of the mirage were cities of the
dead. They floated and drifted through
the air, settling down now and then on
the sand, as a bee might alight on a
flower, passing onward again through
space when any living being approached
them. Every ship that was sunk sails
again through the sky, manned by its
drowned crew."

"You are saying this seriously?" she
asked.

"Quite. I know the scientific ex-

planation that the ship is merely the
image of a vessel out of sight. I dare say
the scientific explanation is true, but I
cannot believe it because I have experi-
enced the other thing. I was just as cer-
tain of the existence of the shadowy city
and of myself as a shadow in the midst
of the buildings I saw, the streets I trav-
ersed, the people to whom I spoke. I
was just as certain of those things and
of the fact that I was dead as I am now
just as I live, that I am in this particular
room, that I touch your hand."

"She drew her hand away, watching
him, half frightened.
"Why," she asked, "did you not tell
me about this before?"

"It seemed useless. The story is in-
credible to every one except myself. Be-
sides, it is a little unromantic. I thought
it might scare you."

"Now she laughed again, but rather
sardonically.
"I was not so easily frightened, but
you must not go on believing it."

"Belief," he said, "is not a matter of
will. I was there in the mirage for some
time. I have the most distinct recollection
of it. I could take my sketchbook and
draw you pictures of it."

"What was it like? What did you do
there?" she asked.

"There was no work and no amuse-
ment. One neither ate nor drank; the
houses slept near made love. The houses
were not really inhabited; they were
like ghosts of houses, perpetuated
through some strong human association.
The doors stood open. Sometimes one
wandered through them, but one did
not live in them. Most of the time one
wandered up and down the streets, feel-
ing no fatigue, numskunk of heat or
cold. It was all dead; everything was
dead. There was not even very much
talking; when one spoke one spoke of
the dead."

He broke off his account suddenly.
"Now," he said, "let me tell you
about something more cheerful."

He told her story after story of his
travel, all that was most amusing and
romantic. His laughter and his
color returned, but at the end of the
stories, when the silence came, she
absolutely said:

"Go on! Tell me more about the mir-
age."

"You have heard enough," he said,
"and, besides, the rest is not very pleas-
ant."

"I don't care for that," she said;
"you must tell me. I want to hear it;
I am not a bit frightened."

And then, for an hour he went on
with the story. When he had finished,
she made him take his sketchbook and
draw for her some of the faces that he
had seen there. She held the book in
her hands and sat staring at them in-
tently. Suddenly she dropped the book
and sobbed.

"I have to do all that you ask," he
said, "but I do not think I should have
let you have your own way in this
thing. You are really frightened."

He stepped across the floor, took
her and stood by her, resting one hand
on her hair. He remained thus for a
moment, motionless. Then she sud-
denly sprang up with a loud scream and
rushed away from him, covering in
one corner of the room.

"Don't touch me," she cried. "Don't
touch me; don't look at me! You have
been among the dead!"—Barry Pain in
Black and White.

The Florida Hill Country.
The majority of our tourists carry
from this state an impression of tropical
vegetation luxuriating in a level expanse
of sand arched by a heaven intensely
and brilliantly blue. But that is because
they have not seen all we have to show.
There is a "hill country" also, and
the scenery is so different that it
seems to belong rather to Georgia than
to the land of oranges and winter vege-
tables.

The soil of that section is entirely
distinct from that of the eastern coast.
There we have the red clay of Georgia,
and the pine gives place to the oak,
hickory and maple as the oranges do to
the pear and the garden to the cotton
field.

It is the conservation of middle Flor-
ida that has kept it unknown in great
measure to the outside world, not its
lack of attractions. There are still
found much of the old plantation life,
the antebellum southern hospitality and
much of the thought of the olden time.

To the tourist it will give a new sen-
sation, to the sportsman a new field.
To the settler who feels that the antebellum
productions of southern Florida are
too strange and new it offers a field for
the crops of the west. It shows fine
stock and the diversified scenery for
lack of which he grows homesick with
us.

In all the south there is no section
more beautiful and none which offers
richer returns for intelligent industry
than the "Florida hill country."—
Florida Times-Union.

The Admiral in a Battle.
Writing of the perils of naval war-
fare, Paul Benjamin, in The Independent
says: As for the admiral, he is a
nobody, no dignitary for him to ascend,
and he would be promptly blown out of
it if there were. In fact, after a fleet
engagement has begun there is no place
for him at all. He has no business in
the combat, tower, no business at the
gun. He cannot very consistently go
below, and he cannot stay on deck. It
has been proposed to build a separate
armored tower for him or to take him
off the flagship and put him on a small,
swift vessel, so that he could choose his
position and conveniently give his or-
ders by signal. The difficulty with this
would be that the enemy would concen-
trate his fire on that tower or ship, with
the certainty of sinking the latter and
rendering the former uninhabitable.
The problem, therefore, is still unsolved.

A Rapid Talker.
Hogback—What a chatterbox Miss
Franks is.
Touhid—Yes, her conversation is
and pretty high.—Detroit Free Press.

THE BEST WAY.

Striking Illustrations of How Sound Cur-
rency Expands.

Gold imports are now in progress to
the amount of some \$6,000,000 up to
last week and others are expected. The
rate for "money," or for loanable cap-
ital, has instantly yielded, as it could
not when the fear of going to a silver
basis and the steady issue of silver-
token currency shook confidence in
our circulating medium.

With a gold basis established, the
gold of the world is drawn upon at
command. With a silver basis near,
gold went abroad, and in the fiscal
year ending in June, 1894, with a fa-
vorable trade balance, or excess of
merchandise exports, of \$237,145,950,
there were net gold exports of \$4,528,
842; in 1895, with a trade balance of
\$75,588,200, net gold exports were \$30,
683,721; and in 1896, with a trade bal-
ance of \$102,882,264, there were net
gold exports of \$78,884,882. In all, a
trade balance in three years in favor
of this country of \$415,496,412 under
the silver cloud was accompanied by
net gold exports of \$113,497,545.

In 1898 the gold standard was es-
tablished and in two fiscal years end-
ing last June there has been a net
gold import of \$149,638,483, with a fa-
vorable trade balance, or excess of
merchandise exports, of \$901,587,935,
while the gold product of \$120,000,000
in the same two fiscal years has re-
mained in the country. In two years
this has expanded the currency in cir-
culation \$200,000,000, and the total
aggregate of money in and out of the
treasury has increased on a still larger
scale.

But business has grown even faster.
For eight months of this year the vol-
ume of exchanges has been \$43,622,-
000,000, against \$34,788,000,000 in
eight months last year, a gain of one-
fourth. Even in August, a midsummer
month, clearings were \$5,592,000,000,
far beyond any previous month. More
business called for more currency.
The lack of currency in the New York
banks advanced the rate of money,
and instantly, like an automatic ma-
chine, gold imports began, and the cur-
rency, since it rests on a gold stand-
ard, expands "to meet the needs of trade."

JUST ONE INSTANCE.
How the Manufacture of Tin Plate is
Progressing in America.

Thanks to the McKinley tariff law,
the manufacture of tin plate was be-
gun in the United States some years
ago. The production for the first half
year, from July 1 to Dec. 31, 1891,
amounted to \$2,236,748 pounds. The in-
dustry grew, despite the dull times
which were the result of the Wilson
law, and has been very prosperous
within the past year. The output
for the first six months of the present
year is 359,468,301 pounds, or 178
times as much as for the six months
of its beginning, with year after year
exporting—20,857 pounds, worth \$392.

This is a small beginning; but it was
a small beginning we made seven years
ago, and now it has grown to supply
our home market, and saved \$20,000,-
000 a year. We paid that much to
foreign tin plate manufacturers, which
is now paid to American workmen.

Do you remember the ridicule which
the Democratic stumpers and papers
heaped upon this infant industry in
1891? Do you recall their assertion
that the factories were merely bluffs,
for campaign purposes? That tin
plate could not be made here? Recall
them in the light of the facts seven
years later, and you will wonder how
any voter could have been so ignorant
as to be deceived by such balderdash.—
Toledo Blade.

The wool industry was destroyed by
the Democratic free trade law. What
is true of wool is also true in a great-
er or less degree of all farming pro-
ducts, there being an actual falling off
of \$20,000,000 in agricultural imports
under the Wilson law, while the value
of our total exports, in these same
products, up to June 30, was \$554,-
627,923, which exceeds all previous
records, being 70 per cent of our total
exports, which amounted to the enor-
mous sum of \$1,210,232,197. The
farmer who was promised prosperity
and low prices under free trade should
ponder over these facts. They furnish
abundant and pertinent reasons why
he also should vote to keep in power
the party which has brought about these
improved conditions.

In the one item of wool alone dur-
ing the last four years of Democratic
blunders, there was a loss of \$124,000,-
000 in revenues to the government,
and reduction in price to the pro-
ducers. To this must be added the loss
of a market for 80,000,000 pounds of
wool, which went to the foreign wool
grower, who contributed nothing in
the way of taxes to the maintenance
of this government. Enormous supplies
of wool were shipped into the coun-
try. The largest importation for one
month was 95,559,933 pounds, while
for the entire year, under the Ding-

Obituary.

Anna Marie Bennett was born in
Cayuga county, N. Y., October, 17th,
1812, died at her home in Logan county,
Ohio, September 20th, 1898, aged 85
years, 11 months and three days.

The deceased came with her grand-
mother's family to Urbana, Champaign
county, Ohio, in 1831, and united with
the M. E. church in the same year.
She was married to Pazzi Lapham, Aug.
1st, 1832. To this union were born two
children; one died in infancy. She was
early left a widow, and was united in
marriage to Nicholas Williams, October
12th, 1843 and moved to his home in
Logan county, where she lived for about
fifty-five years, a devoted wife and a
loving and indulgent mother. It can
truly be said of her: "Her children
rise up and call her blessed, her hus-
band also, and he praiseth her." She
was a kind and helpful neighbor, al-
ways ready to help those who were sick
or in trouble. Her last days were full
of suffering, but she trusted in God to
relieve her sufferings and take her to a
better home to dwell with Him and her
loved ones forever. Buried in the Mt.
Tabor cemetery, Friday, at eleven
o'clock, conducted by Rev. J. G. Talbot
of Urbana.

That Judge's Head is Level.
In the course of an excellent address
for the National Association of Life
Underwriters at Minneapolis, Aug. 17th,
and 18th last, Judge M. B. Koon, of that
city said:

"The time is rapidly approaching
when the business man who fails to
keep his life adequately insured, will be
placed in the same category with the
improvident man, who neglects to in-
sure his property or his business. It is
often and truthfully said, that a prop-
erty or business that is not worth in-
suring is not worth owning or carrying
on, and with equal truth it may be said
that the man whose life is of so little
value to any one else as to be not worth
insuring, is not worth living, for every
man who is of any use in the world,
who contributed in any degree to the
productive energy which moves the
world, in any of the channels of pro-
gress advancement, intelligence and
civilization, worth perpetuating, should
leave something to posterity and carry
on his work after he is gone."

Card of Thanks.
We the following undersigned, family
of James A. Wilgus, desire through the